WHAT THE OWL KNOWS.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

Nobody knows the world but me;
When they're all in bed I sit up to see.
I'm a better student than students all,
For I never read till the darkness fall;
And I never read without my glasses,
And that is how my wisdom passes.

I can see the wind. Now who can do that?
I see the dreams that he has in his hat;
I see him snorting them out as he goes—
Out at his stupid old trumpet-nose.
Ten thousand things that you couldn't think,
write them down with pen and ink.

You may call it learning—I call it wit.
Who else can watch the lady-moon sit
Hatching the boats and the long-legged fowl,
On her nest, the sea, all night, but the owl?
When the oysters gape to sing by rote
She crams a pearl down each stupid throat.

So you see I know—you may pull off your hat;
Whether round and lofty, or square and flat,
You can never do better than trust to me;
You may shut your eyes as long as I see.
While you live I will lead you, and then—I'm the owl—
I'll bury you nicely with my spade and shovel.

—*Good Things.*

WHEN WE ARE PARTED.

When we are parted let me lie
In some [illegible] corner of thy heart,
Silent, and from the world apart,
Like a forgotten melody
Forgotten by the world beside,
Cherished by one and one alone,
For some loved memory of its own,
So let me in thy heart abide.

When we are parted keep for me
The sacred stillness of the night;
That hour, sweet love, is mine by right,
Let others claim thy day of thee.
The cold world sleeping at our feet,
My spirit shall discourse with thine,
When stars upon thy pillow shine,
At thy heart's door I stand and wait.

—*Boston Transcript.*

MRS. RUTHERFORD'S GOVERNESS.

She was standing on the piazza in the last sunset rays, with the scarlet blossoms of the trumpet-vine dancing above her head. A graceful head it was, crowned with masses of brown hair parted simply over the smooth brow and gathered into a heavy knot. She had a wonderfully beautiful face, too, though the features were not perfectly faultless; the mouth, folded in full rich curves of melting scarlet, was still too wide to be strictly beautiful, and the chin, though clear-cut and delicate, was too prominent. But the almost marvelous beauty of the face was in the eyes; large and lustrous, and of the deepest brown, changing to a darker [illegible] with the least emotion, and with a [illegible]amy, far-away look in their depths, [illegible]xpression that was not quite sad- [illegible]but was still that "something that [illegible] the gazer think of tears." Her [illegible]xion was as clear and creamy as [illegible]ls of a white rose, and as color- [illegible] no flush ever rose to stain the [illegible]eek, and the brow which the [illegible]ir shaded was as pure as a

She wore a dark gray dress [illegible]d about her graceful figure [illegible]usterless folds, its somber [illegible]relieved by any ornament. [illegible] little expression of cold- [illegible]ice—haughtiness, it might [illegible] for the look of sweetness [illegible]th, and the misty shadow [illegible]e eyes.

[illegible]rson whom you would [illegible]eeting her anywhere, [illegible]a vague feeling of pity, [illegible]e determined, self-re- [illegible]nead, and the firm, [illegible]for none. She look- [illegible]o might have loved [illegible]tely, and you would [illegible]rozen her into this [illegible]alm, that the placid, [illegible]he dreamy eyes ex-

[illegible]loated out from the [illegible]drawing-room. It [illegible]," sung in a clear, [illegible]nd graceful, but [illegible]thos. It ceased, [illegible]ed softly through [illegible]iazza where she [illegible]th a little start.

[illegible]sley," she said, [illegible]ne. I think you [illegible]ble Prince's won- [illegible]ve the power of [illegible]ing the earth, you

[illegible]e wherever he most [illegible] not? I do not won- [illegible] I wore it. If I had, [illegible]y have brought me [illegible]," he said, low, look- [illegible] into here eyes. The [illegible]ad not left them yet, and [illegible] a bewildered expression, [illegible]e wandering in some far-off [illegible] where his voice could not [illegible], or if it did, fell on heedless [illegible]s that listened to other and [illegible]otent voices.

[illegible]aw that she did not heed his [illegible]t eyes, nor the tender tones of [illegible]ice, and he turned away with an [illegible]f perplexity and impatience. For [illegible]was not accustomed to hear his [illegible]ds fall on heedless ears—this Mr. [illegible]allace Kingsley. He was a noble- [illegible]ooking man, with something in his face that impressed one instantly with faith and confidence in him; it was not a handsome face, but a strangely attractive and interesting one; there was an expression of nobility in the high massive forehead, and of firmness and strength of character in the mouth. Evidently a man who would be more at home "on the battle plain" than in "lady's bower," but whose perseverance and indomitable resolution would make him a formidable rival in love.

He watched the brown eyes, where the shadow grew deeper and deeper, for some moments in silence, then with a little touch of impatience in his tone, he said:

"In what enchanted realms do you wander, Miss Brent? For out of mortal ken they seem to be, and even out of the reach of mortal voices, to-day."

She turned toward him, and the misty trouble faded out of her eyes, as she answered:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Kingsley. I believe I was dreaming. What were you saying?"

He made an effort at commonplace conversation, not caring to repeat the tender words which had fallen on unlistening ears a few moments before.

"Nina has been singing to me," he said. "Her voice is very sweet, but she sings almost wholly without expression."

"Yes, she sings ballads better than the mournful, pathetic songs that she aspires to, I think. No one can sing Mignon's song who has not felt the pain and heart-ache, the passionate grief and longing, that breathe through it all like a sorrowful wail."

"And yet you sing it exquisitely," he said. "Certainly no one would imagine you had suffered all that terrible sorrow and pain."

"Why?" she asked, with a little tremor in her voice.

"I scarcely know why, but you have always seemed to me one of those persons who lead an imaginative sort of life, moving always in a dreamy, uncertain sadness, 'of pensive thought and aspect pale,' like Tennyson's Margaret, you know, and whose sorrow, 'only sorrow's shade keeps real sorrow far away.' Cold and calm, and content always with a quiet, negative sort of happiness. You move like a shadow in that steel-gray dress. I don't think you care for beauty or luxury in any form. You could dream your dream out as well under heavy-laden skies, without warmth, or light, or beauty, as under tropic suns, glowing with radiant light and splendor."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Kingsley—indeed, you are mistaken. My nature is keenly luxurious and æsthetic, craving real happiness, keen, vivid delights, gayety, joy and beauty. I should like to live under those tropic skies, flushed with radiant diaphanous rays, purple, and scarlet, and gold. I should like to be at noon in those great forests where the air faints with the subtle, intoxicating perfume of gorgeous flowers, where floods of thrilling melody from the throats of great scarlet-winged birds soar up through the dense emerald foliage, and fill the very arches of the sky with sound; to lie at the foot of those giant trees, whose dark foliage would screen me from the terrible burning rays of the sun, that hangs like a ball of fire above their heads, and to feel the tendrils of velvet moss and trailing vines wafted against my cheek in the languid, perfumed air. And the beauty of the Northern lands, too, I long to see, where the red glare of the sun falls on mountains of eternal snow, and shimmers on bergs of translucent crystal, that have steeped the bitter iciness of their hearts in rainbow dyes; that shed glittering sheets of frosty radiance. Where plains of trackless snow stretch far and wide in their desolate whiteness, and the air, which has been breathed through no human lips, is heavy and suffocating with the death-like cold. I like bright scenes of joyous life, too; festal halls with flashing lights, and the sparkle of diamonds, full of dazzling scintillant rays, and the pure gleam of pearls and opals, drifts of foamy lace, and the shifting throng of silks shimmering with rose-colored lights; snowy satin and deep-hued velvets trailing in dusky, soundless folds, and the air thrilling with music, gay triumphant marches and dreamy waltzes, with slow and soft-swelling murmurs, like lazy brooks in level lands, drowsy and sweet, and always with no echo of sadness in their tones."

"But you don't care to wear those shining silks and flashing jewels yourself; you would stand apart from the brilliant scenes in your sober, nun-like robes, looking on in your dreamy way—enjoying it, perhaps, but not with the eager throb and thrill that Nina, for instance, would feel, with no flush on your cheek and no unwonted gleam in your eyes."

"Perhaps so," she said quietly. "I should not like to wear splendid robes and jewels, because I like harmony. There is no brightness in my life, no gayety or joy in my heart. I think they have gone from me forever."

"You are very wrong to speak so hopelessly," he said; then, with a passionate eagerness in his voice, he went on: "Miss Brent—Madeline, won't you tell me what this strange blight is which seems to have fallen upon your life, crushing out its joy and hope? I love you, Madeline; my love gives me the right to know. Or, if you will not tell me, give me the right to woo back the sunshine to your heart and life. Be my wife, Madeline."

In the dim twilight that had fallen upon the earth, while they stood there, he could see the pallor that stole over her face, the startled, terrified look in her eyes.

"Oh, hush! You do not know what you are saying. I can not, must not, listen to you. If you only knew! Mr. Kingsley, I have no right to listen to you. I already am a wife."

She did not heed his start of surprise, she did not raise her eyes to the face whose pallor equaled that of her own, but, keeping them fixed on the dark shadow that flickered on the greensward, she went on calmly and gravely, like one who relates a narrative of commonplace incidents in which he has no personal interest.

"Yes, I have deceived you all. Your sister engaged me as governess for her children without recommendation; she is kind and tender-hearted, and she pitied my homeless and friendless condition. I did not tell her of my marriage, because it was so painful for me to speak of it. I wished to forget it all, and go back to my girlhood days if I could. I was married when I was only sixteen, against my father's will; I was scarcely more than a child, and willful and foolish. There was some excuse for me; I had never known a mother's care, and my father was a stern, grave man, who, if he loved me, never showed his affection by the fond words and tender care that win a child's love and confidence, and it was so new and delightful to me to be loved as I thought he—Arthur Nelson—loved me; I think still that he loved me as much as he was capable of loving. We were married privately, and I left my father's house. He was very kind to me at first; but before we had been married a year I discovered his true character. He was a drunkard and a gambler. Sometimes for weeks together I did not see him, and when he did come home it would be with harsh words and terrible oaths on his lips. I think the agony I felt in those two terrible years crushed all feeling in my heart; even the terrible shock that came afterward did not move me. He was carousing one night with some of his drunken companions, when they got into a quarrel about some trifle, and he, my husband, mad and intoxicated with liquor, stabbed one of the men and killed him. I never saw him after that night. I don't know how he escaped from them then, but he came home to me thoroughly sobered by his terror, and told me what he had done, and that officers were already on his track; but that he had friends, his own family, who, for the sake of their own honor, if for no other reason, would conceal him from detection. And so he went, leaving me utterly penniless and alone. The woman with whom we had boarded was very kind, and I stayed with her a long time; I got some sewing from the shops, and paid her a little something for my board. I was not unhappy while I stayed there. I had no feeling, as I told you, but all energy and hope were dead. But she—the woman with whom I had boarded—died, and I was obliged to seek some refuge from starvation; my father was dead, and I had no friends; I saw your sister's advertisement for a governess, and answered it. I have been content here; I have been awakening from the sort of dream into which I had fallen; I do not allow myself to think of the past, nor of what my life might have been but for that terrible mistake of my girlhood, but for the suffering that crushed youth, and hope, and joy in my heart. You know now why I have no heart to dress myself in gay bright robes, and that I wear this dark gray dress as a sort of emblem of my life, not like black, as a token of deep sorrow and mourning that may pass away, but of a sadness that is calm and peaceful, but utterly hopeless."

The face into which she looked as she ceased speaking was pale and rigid, and the lips were tightly compressed, but he said, quietly, in a voice that was calm and unfaltering:

"You said that his—your husband's name was Nelson!"

"Arthur Nelson?"

"You are sure that that was his real name? Might he not have given you an assumed one?"

"I don't know. Possibly; I never thought of that," she said, in the same tone of careless indifference.

"I have had some sorrow in my own life," he continued, in the same quiet, grave tone, "a trouble strangely like your own. Perhaps you did not know that I had a brother. There were four of us, and we were left orphans when we were very young; Alice, Mrs. Rutherford, was only ten years old, and Nina was an infant of a few months. My brother was three years younger than I, a bright, roguish fellow, who had always been the pet of the family, but he grew up to be wild and dissipated. He left his home when he was sixteen years old, and for years we heard nothing from him; but at last, about two years ago, he came to us, seeking refuge and protection; we could gather nothing from his wild story, except that he had murdered some one, and that officers were following him. Of course we concealed him; the ties of blood are stronger than the claims of justice. He stayed here in this house, concealed for months; then we obtained passage for him to Europe in a steamer whose Captain had been a friend of my father, and who concealed him in his own stateroom. We have heard from him occasionally since."

He looked down into the pallid face, into the dark eyes fixed upon his face, with a look of wondering, bewildered inquiry, and said:

"He was named for my mother's only brother—his name was Arthur Nelson Kingsley."

They stood there a moment in silence. His face was very pale, and his lips pressed rigidly together, but there was the look on the face of one who has struggled with himself, a sharp, desperate struggle, and has come off conqueror.

"Shall we go in?" he said, at length, as calmly as if their conversation had been a commonplace chat; "you are shivering in this chilly air."

They passed through the low window into the lighted drawing-room. At the further end of the room Mrs. Rutherford was sitting, her little form almost buried in the capacious depth of a crimson velvet arm-chair. A bright, pretty little woman, with a face very like her brother's in features, very unlike in expression; she had bright black eyes, as clear and sparkling as if no tear had ever dimmed them, and her graceful little head was adorned with a profusion of black ringlets and bright cherry ribbons. She was evidently not at all one of the haughty, arrogant dames, who oppress meek governesses, but a loving and tender-hearted little woman, who had been very kind to the friendless governess, and had trusted her children to her care without asking any questions as to her past life, which she saw was painful for her to speak of. She could hardly understand the reserved and self-reliant nature, so different from her own; there were depths in it she could not fathom; but she seemed so pure and good that she trusted her completely. There must have been misfortune in her past life; she was sure that there could have been no guilt.

Mr. Kingsley led her to Mrs. Rutherford's side, and said quietly:

"Alice, this is our brother's—this is Arthur's wife."

After the first bewildered moment had passed, Mrs. Rutherford, comprehending all, and thinking of all the misery the lonely girl must have suffered, clasped her in her arms, and kissed the pale cheek; and tears, the first Madeline had shed for many a day, fell from her eyes. And so her position in the family was changed; yet she would not permit Mrs. Rutherford to engage a new governess, preferring still to have the care of the children as before. They were only two; Wallace, the eldest, his uncle's namesake, was a bright, manly little fellow of eight, and Bessie, the younger, was a graceful, fair-haired little creature, with all her mother's sweetness and winning ways. It was a constant pleasure to Madeline to watch the free, joyous little natures, and through them she seemed almost to find her way back to the freshness of her own childhood, that had seemed so far away, and to conceal all the weary, joyless years that lay between it and the present. So she would not give them up to another's care.

Mrs. Rutherford, with eyes made keen by her love for her brother, had not failed to see his love, the love that was now dishonorable for her who was his brother's wife. She did not see the struggle for self-conquest, but she saw that he had won the victory. His face was paler and graver than of old, but his manner was as calm, and as full of quiet, brotherly tenderness to Madeline as to his own sister.

He was going abroad; he had long been contemplating going in search of his brother, of whom for nearly a year they had heard nothing, and now he felt that he could not stay; that it was better for him to go. And so, in the first dreary November days, he went; and the long winter passed, cheerless and lone, but still made brighter to Madeline than any since her childhood had been, by the clinging love of the children, and Mrs. Rutherford's sympathizing, sisterly affection, before whose tenderness Madeline's coldness and reserve gave way.

They had letters often from Mr. Kingsley, who was seeking always, through busy cities, and peaceful hamlets, under bright and cloudy skies, in glad hopeful sunshine and dreary chilling rains, for him who was to be doomed to be all his life long an outcast and a wanderer upon the face of the earth. At length a letter came to the patient waiters at home, saying that he had found traces of him, and the next letter, waited for with such anxious suspense, told them that he had found him, but that he could never be found to them any more in this world. He had found him ill, dying, at a little wayside inn; he had recognized his brother, had told him of his wife, with whom his last thoughts seemed to be; he begged him to seek her, and ask her to forgive him for the wrong that he had done her.

And so he had died there in a foreign land, and they to whom he had caused so much misery wept tears of unfeigned grief for him, and remembered him with the blessed merciful memory in which the dead are ever held, striving to think of him only as he had been in other days, and to forget the wretched folly and crime that had darkened his later years. And so Wallace Kingsley's quest was ended, but still he did not come home. The spring came, joyous and sweet, with balmy breath, and robes of tender, trailing green; and then summer, with languid, sultry airs, came and tarried until herb and flower fainted under its scorching sun, and still he came not.

All through the long autumn and winter that followed, Madeline sat by a seaward window, watching half-unconsciously for his coming, but she watched in vain. The summer came again, and she stood one night in her old place on the piazza, watching the sunset fade into twilight. It was not just the same Madeline that had stood there two years before; the old dreamy look had not gone wholly out of the brown eyes, but it was not so hopeless as it used to be; but there was a gleam of hope, a subdued, patient trust in them that was not there of old.

Suddenly a footfall echoed on the stone steps. A footfall that she knew; surely the echo of none other could so thrill her pulses. She stretched her hands out to him as he approached her, with a blind motion like a tired child, as she said, simply:

"You stayed so long!"

"And you wanted me to come, Madeline? My Madeline, is she not?" And she was folded in the strong arms that should shield and protect her always. And so, after her long dreary night, the day dawned—a bright, rosy dawning in a sky where there were no clouds.

And Mrs. Rutherford's governess laid aside her sodden gray robes for snowy satin, and hoarfrost lace, and orange flowers, as became a bride.

Necessity of Sunlight.

Instead of excluding the sunlight from our houses lest it fade carpets and curtains, draw flies, and bring freckles, we should open every door and window and bid it enter. It brings life and health and joy; there is healing in its beams; it drives away disease and dampness, mold, megrims. Instead of doing this, however, many careful housewives close the blinds, draw down the shades, lock the door, shut out the glorifying rays, and rejoice in the dim and musty coolness and twilight of their unhealthy apartments. It is pleasant and not unwholesome during the glare of the noontide to subdue the light and exclude the air quivering with heat, but in the morning and in the evening we may freely indulge in the sun bath and let it flood all our rooms, and if at its very fiercest and brightest it has full entrance to our sleeping-rooms, so much the better for us. Wire netting in doors and windows excludes not flies and mosquitoes only, but all other insects, and those who have once used it will continue to do so. With this as a protection from intrusive winged creatures one may almost dispense with shades and shutters, and enjoy all the benefits of an open house, without any annoyances so frequent in warm weather. But better the annoyances with sunshine than freedom from them without it. Statistics of epidemics have shown that if they rage in any part of a city they will prevail in houses which are exposed to the least sunshine, while those most exposed to it will not be at all or very slightly affected. Even in the same house persons occupying rooms exposed to sunlight will be healthier and repulse epidemical influences better than those occupying rooms where no sunlight enters.—*Manufacturer and Builder.*

—A young man from Schenectady, who came to Burlington a few weeks ago to establish a gymnasium, complains bitterly of the abrupt habits of the people of this Western land. He says he was talking politics with a West Hill man the other day, and he hadn't got half through calling him a liar before the man had raised three lumps all over his head, and choked him so badly that his collar would go round his neck twice and then buttoned loose.

—Professor Huxley is now investigating a new problem which has presented itself to his mind since he came to the great republic, viz: Why it is that the American people are predisposed to that peculiar construction of plank sidewalks by which a man stepping on one end of a plank can never fail either of hitting himself on the back of the head, or chucking him under the chin, with the other end.

A Portland Romance---The End of Fourteen Years of Waiting.

About the time Camp Berry was established, says the Portland (Me.) *Press*, a young lady of this city and a soldier who was stationed here became acquainted. The couple met quite often after the acquaintance was formed, and a strong attachment ending in an engagement followed. The young man presented his betrothed with an elegant ring. Soon after the engagement the regiment to which the soldier was attached was ordered to report at the front at once. The news of the intended departure was a hard blow to the young people. But both parties were patriotic, and they parted as hundreds of others did during the rebellion. After the departure the billet doux were received and sent in rapid succession. This state of affairs went on for something like a year, when alas it came to a sudden termination. One day the young lady received a very cool letter from her lover, so much unlike all other letters she had received that she at once wrote to him, saying she wished to be released from her engagement, but giving no reason for the change in her affections. When the letter was received by the soldier in camp he was utterly confounded. He had never written any but words of kindness and affection to her, and why she should treat him so cruelly was more than he could tell. He grieved for some months over his disappointment and at last left the army and went to California to "rough it," and, if possible, forget his sorrow. Here he remained until a few months ago, when he unexpectedly received a letter from an unknown source. It was the dying confession of an old comrade who had caused all the trouble, and on his death-bed had confessed that he had got hold of the lover's letters and destroyed them, sending others of his own manufacture to the lady in this city. He had palmed off his writing by copying the original. He being an excellent penman, this was not a difficult matter. When the confession was fully authenticated the man at once started to this city to find his first and only love. By a few enquiries after reaching this city he learned her residence, and better still, that she, like himself, had remained unmarried. He made haste to call upon her, and to his surprise discovered the ring on her finger where he had placed it fourteen years before. A few words of explanation made them as near and dear to each other as ever, and to cut a long story short, it was arranged that they should be married at once, and the wedding is to take place the present week at one of our city churches. The happy couple will start at once for the Centennial.

Amos's Book-Keeper.

We asked Amos how his boy was getting along at school?

"Pleg take dat boy, I done tuck him 'way from that school!"

"Why, what for?"

"Uh, oh! he wuz gittin' mos' too smart down dar wid dat book-larnin'. 'Twon't do fer some niggers ter be too agikatid."

"Why not, Amos?"

"Well, sah, jess take dat boy, frinstance. I put dat boy ter keep books fer me 'bout de sellin' ob de garden truck dis summer. Well, sah, he jess rit down charges dar in de book fer all de truck dat I tuck out de gardin, an' charges fer all dat I sole, an' charges fer all dat we eat in de house, an' credit hisself wid de little 'mounts dat I let hab 'long at odd 'casions, an' den he go an' add dem all up, an' struck er balunce, he say!"

"And how did you come out?"

"Come out? 'Fore de Good Marster, I didn't come out at all! Dat boy done stuck me for 'bout thutty-fibe dollers, 'sides his wages as de book-keepah. Now, dat's what de figgers sed."

"Well, what did you do?"

"I jess burn up dat book right dar an' den, 'scharged de book-keepah, an' hire him ober agin ter saw wood fer his board an' close."

"You did?"

"Yes, sah, I did dat. Why, boss, ef dat boy hed kep' dat book on me tell now he'd done own dat house an' gyardin patch an' bin chargin' me an' his ole mammy fer bed an' bread! I tell yer dis hyar book-larnin' is ruinin' dis young breed ob niggers—'tis shore!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Nevada Tin.

We have before us a specimen of tin ore taken from the I. X. L. mine, on the Honey Lake Road, some twelve miles from town. The specimen contains some very fine ore indeed, the tin being of that rich brown color which indicates purity and value. A peculiarity of this ledge is that it is incased in both hanging and foot wall by silver ore, so that the company, in order to work their ledges, will require two kinds of processes—one for gold and silver, and another for tin. As is the case with most prospectors, however, they are poor and can not develop the mines. The many different discoveries recently made in this county now make it rather difficult to name a metal that can not be found in paying quantities here. In Peavine Mountain alone are found nearly all of the useful metals.—*Reno (Nev.) Journal.*

A Queer Colorado Fish.

It has the head of a catfish, the body of an eel, the legs of a lizard, while the gills are long, feathery plumes. In the fall of 1859 the writer carried back to the States four of these strange fish, preserved in alcohol. They were procured in Gold Lake, Boulder County, a beautiful body of water, in which they were as thick as tadpoles in a puddle. One of them was forwarded to Prof. Agassiz, who said the fish was first discovered by Hulmboldt in the mountain lakes of Mexico. He did not know it was found north of that country until he received the specimens we sent him. It is not really a fish, but belongs to the batrachian family.—*Georgetown Miner.*

—A Mormon church, with a large membership, has been established in Towanda Township, Wayne County, Pa.

How Greyhounds are Deceived in England.

In a field near the Welsh Harp, at Hendon, a course has been laid off for hunting an "artificial hare." For a distance of 400 yards, in a straight line, a rail has been laid down in the grass. It is traversed through its whole length by a groove, in which runs an apparatus like a skate on wheels. On this sort of shuttle is mounted the "artificial hare." It is made to travel along the ground at any required pace, and so naturally to resemble the living animal that it is eagerly pursued by greyhounds. A trial was made recently of the new mechanical arrangement. A large number of persons were present. The whole scene was that presented by a race course. The rail over which the sham hare runs is hid in the grass, and the windlass by which the apparatus is moved does not catch the eye of the spectator. When the hour came all that was seen was the "artificial hare" bounding out quite naturally like the real animal from its bag, and followed at once by the hounds, like so many kittens after a cork. It was amusing to watch the eager greyhounds in their headlong race, striving in vain with all their might to overtake the phantom hare, which a touch of the windlass could send spinning like a shadow away out of their reach. The new sport is undoubtedly an exciting and interesting one. It is, perhaps, entitled to the commendation bestowed upon it by its promoters. "It is," they say, "well worthy the attention of the opponents of sports involving cruelty to animals, as it will afford an innocent recreation to all, without the faintest shadow of the reproach of cruelty attaching to it." As a minor recommendation, we are told that it supplies a means of training greyhounds, but its usesulness in this respect remains to be proved. In the course of recent trials of the apparatus, it is stated that the hounds succeeded more than once in catching the hare, which they tore into shreds with destructive fury.—*London Times.*

The Downward Course of Prices.

The New York *Graphic* prints the following table, showing the values of goods in New York City (wholesale prices) at the beginning of the panic of 1873, and at the corresponding date for the three following years:

	Prices 13th September.			
	1873.	1874.	1875.	1876.
Cotton	20⅜	16⅞	14⅜	11⅝
Prints	11	9	..	7
Standard Sheetings	13	..	10⅜	8¼
Flour—Shipping	7.10	5.25	5.85	5.00
Family	10.00	7.75	8.00	7.50
Wheat—Am. Wint'r	1.73	1.25	1.43	1.30
No. 1 Spring	1.64	1.20	1.37	1.20
Mixed Corn	65	98	74	57
Mixed Oats	47	66	56	42
State Barley	..	1.25	1.15	1.00
State Rye	97	95	90	85
Mess Pork	17.87½	22.50	20.75	17.25
Prime Lard	8½	14	13½	11
Prime Tallow	8⅝	8⅛	9½	8¼
Buenos Ayres Hides	26½	25	22	18
Hemlock Leather	28	28	27	21
Layer Raisins	2.75	3.10	2.15	1.90
Turkish Prunes	13	11	10	5¾
Zante Currants	6	6⅝	6	6
Rio Coffee	25	21	23	20
Java Coffee	29	30	31	24
Domestic Rice	9	7⅝	8	6
N. O. Molasses	85	80	65	55
Sugar—Fair Refin'g	8	8¼	7⅞	9
Refined Crushed	11⅛	11	11	11⅝
Tea—Japan	55	55	50	40
Green	60	62	52	35
Steamed Rosin	3.10	2.25	1.65	1.60
Spirits Turpentine	43	33½	31½	33
Tar	4.10	2.50	2.30	2.50
Linseed Oil	96	84	65	52
Petroleum—Refined	17	11¾	12	26
Crude	6	4⅞	5¾	14¾
Butter	30	33	30	30
Cheese	13	13½	10½	12
Pig-iron	38.00	28.00	25.00	21.00
Ingot Copper	26⅝	21½	23	18¾
Wool—Fleece	52	53	48	40

She Wanted to Register.

Yesterday afternoon a determined looking woman accompanied by a small sized husband, who had a retiring air, called at the first precinct in the Fifth Ward, and the wife demanded to be registered, while the husband remained outside and whistled a lonesome tune.

"In the name of twelve million downtrodden women I demand to be registered," said the woman.

"In the name of the law I reply that I can't do it," replied one of the Board.

"You must!"

"I can't."

"You shall."

"I won't."

"Then, sir, twelve million downtrodden and long-waiting females of America shall hiss your name to scorn and contempt forever more!"

"It makes me feel bad, but I can't help it," replied the member.

The woman glared at him for a minute, favored him with a double jointed scowl, and then walked out. Her husband opened the door after she had closed it with a bang, and in a voice of deep humility remarked:

"I didn't want to come along, but was forced to. Don't think hard of me, gentlemen!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Mr. Beecher did not say a word when he read about Theodore's latest crookedness, but a few moments after he had laid down the paper some one went around into the back yard and saw the elder, with dead grass clinging all over his back, trying to pull up his hat, which was jammed over his head and eyes clear down to his shoulders, and heard Mrs. Beecher calling from an upstairs window: "Henry Beecher, the next time you try to stand on your head you take off your Sunday hat before you turn up."

—A West Hill man went into the kitchen last night without a lamp, to wash his hands, and, while groping about for a towel, he ran plump into the arms of the hired girl. "Why, Maggie," he chuckled, "you darling little witch," and then, as he held her and crowded his mustache under her reluctant nose, the lamp-lighter touched off a lamp on the side street, and, by the flickering rays that fell through the kitchen window, the West Hill man knew his wife's aunt, who is visiting them. He started for the Black Hills at midnight.

—The English Duke of Sutherland has transformed 2,000 acres of moor land into arable land, at an expense of £30 per acre, or $300,000 for the whole. If the English nobility always absorbed land in this way, there would be little complaint of their conduct.